# NEW NEWS OF A Strange Monſter FOUND IN STOW WOODS NEAR BUCKINGHAM, OF

*Human Shape, with a Double Heart, and no Hands; a Head with Two Tongues, and no Brains.*

THere is a Letter lately printed, ſaid to come from an aſſured Hand, in Anſwer to a Letter from a *Freeholder* in *Buckinghamſhire*, concerning the late Election of the Knights of the Shire of the County of *Bucks*; which becauſe ſome Falſe Paſſages in it ſhould not abuſe you and the World, I ſhall give you a true Relation of ſome things upon my own knowledge.

Sir *R. T.* now much better known, and equally truſted by the Name of Sir *Timber*, in the time of the late *Uſurper*, cut a Chip out of his own Block, and made a Trencher of it, (he began early to deal in Timber) and with it waited upon the *Uſurper* with great *Diligence* and *Obſervance*;

and when any *Favours* did appear ready to drop from his Highneſs's *Bountiful Noſe*, he was always in readineſs with his Obſequious Inſtrument to intercept the falls, and with great Care did pocket up thoſe Pearls, not doubting but with them to piece up his broken Fortunes, and not be forced to Compound with his Creditors at Six Shillings the Pound, as afterwards he did: But his Maſter dying, and his hopes thereby diſappointed, and the King returning, to Sir *Richard*'s great Grief and Amazement, he quickly ſhifted the Scene, and being well train'd up by his old Maſter, he took up his Principle *Hypocriſie*. And let the World go how it would, he thought that a fruitful Ingredient to a thriving Trade. The firſt Tryal of Skill he made was this: The *Convention* being diſſolv'd, he thought it his Intereſt to fall in with the King's Party, and to ingratiate himſelf with a worthy Gentleman of it, Sir *William Teringham*. Sir *Richard* went in his behalf to the Duke of *Buckingham*, (with whom he had ſome little Acquaintance when the Duke was in his Troubles) and did procure a Letter from the Duke to the Town of *Buckingham*, in the behalf of Sir *William Teringham*, to be choſen Burgeſs of the Town for the enſuing Parliament, and promiſed to deliver it himſelf, and negotiate with the Town in the behalf of the ſaid Sir *William*; and becauſe he would make his Addreſſes more acceptable, he did procure one Mr. *Burton*, a Creature of his own, who then lived in the Town, to let the Burgeſſes know he would build them a Town-Hall; and that they might have good Evidence of the truth of that Promiſe, great ſtore of Timber was ſent into Mr. *Burton*'s Yard, and all hands were ſet at work for this Caſtle in the Air. After this Prologue, down came the Doubty Knight to Act his part, with the Duke's Letter in his Pocket, as his Credentials; but finding that Sir *William Smith*'s Loyalty had engaged all the Burgeſſes for him, and that Sir *Timber* (for now you may ſo call him) was like to hew out no Burgeſhip for himſelf, in caſe he delivered the Duke's Letter in the behalf of his Friend Sir *William Teringham*, he pocketed up the Letter (as he had done the *Uſurper*'s Pearls) which, as if it had been ſpirited into ſome Foreign Plantation, was never heard of more. Let us obſerve his proficiency in Hypocriſie as we go, from a Servant to, and Rebel with the *Uſurper*, without any Recantation he immediately turned *Cavalier*, procur'd the Letter for Sir *William Teringham*: but when he found that would not promote but deſtroy his Deſign, he as quickly deſerted and betray'd his new pretended Friend, and hocuſt the Letter into his Enchanted Caſtle.

And yet finding that his Timber would not build up his Intereſt in that Town, unleſs he could prevail with Sir *William Smith*, to drive a Pin for him, he made uſe of divers of Sir *William Smith*'s firſt Wives Relations (who was Sir *Alexander Denton*'s Daughter, and thereby Sir *Timber*'s near Kinſwoman) to importune Sir *William* not to joyn with any other, but to permit Sir *Timber* to be his Partner; but all this would not have done, Mr. *Dormer* would have been too hard for him, if the Timber-Argument had not prevailed above the 300 *l.* pretended to be depoſited by Mr. *Dormer*, and 300 *l.* more promiſed by Sir *William Smith*. This Pamphleteer muſt needs deal with the Devil, or one of the lying Spirits of *Ahab*'s Prophets was crept into him, otherwiſe, he could never have forged ſo notorious a Lie, both of the Dead and the Living: And I am perſuaded Sir *Timber* himſelf, who

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wants neither Deceit nor Impudence, hath not Braſs enough to face ſo wooden a Lie, which hath as little Sence as Truth. Six Hundred Pounds is ſuch a Sum as would eaſily have broken his Timber Engin! Fallible Men ſeldom let go ſuch Birds in hand. Well, upon this wooden Horſe our Knight rides to Parliament, and that he might have ſome colour to appear there, he procured a *Red Ribon* to make him a Knight-Errant; but when he found it did inflame the Reckoning, although he went by *Chearing*, he return'd by *Weeping* Croſs: But he was reſolv'd, *per fas & nefas*, to pick up his Crums. When he came firſt into Parliament he was much to ſeek, but as he had pretended to be, ſo he ſet up at firſt for a Royaliſt, but quickly perceiving his Error, and that that poor Party was like to get nothing, he betook himſelf to his old Friend the *Trencher*, and that Venom which he had ſuck'd from his old Maſter the *Uſurper*, or lick'd up under his Table, he threw about the Houſe of Commons for *NUISANCES*; and never left vomiting his Poiſon until he got an Antidote of * *Aurum Potabile*. How he came by it to this day is not known, but moſt People think he got it by Enchantment, and that Satan, who was his Devil Father, when he was named *Timber*, help'd him to it. This Potion was no ſooner down, but it wrought as vehemently the other way, and he befoul'd the Houſe with ſuch ſtinking Matter, that they were forc'd to throw him out, otherwiſe they had all been in great danger of being poiſon'd. You have heard of ſome who have been poſſeſs'd by the Devil, have vomited up *Ink-horns*, *Pins*, and *Stones*, *&c.* but this *wooden* Knight hath out-done them all. By virtue of the ſaid Potion he hath ſhit out a mighty Fabric, by the help and aſſiſtance of a new ſort of Sacriledge; for he hath ſtoln away the Parſonage-Houſe that the Inchanted Caſtle might be all of a Piece, and that as the Foundation was laid by *Treachery*, it might be cover'd by *Sacrilege*. But this Potion hath ſerv'd him as the Devil ſerves Witches, gives them great Gifts, but they are ſtill Beggers: So this hath given him a great Houſe, but taken away his *Underſtanding*. For never ſince he took it hath he ſpoken either *Sence* or *Truth*. If any other can be found like him, the Devil may take them both, and he ſhall find them more accompliſh'd, and like himſelf, than any who have ever yet arrived at his Palace. I cannot cloſe my Letter, until I have told you a little Story. Sir *William Smith* had a Tenant who owed him about 200 *l.* this Tenant had a Siſter who uſually did lie in Sir *Timber*'s Chamber, and when the ſaid Potion wrought, and made his Belly ake, ſhe came and laid a Plaſter of warm Guts to the place, and after a while it gave him eaſe, and he lay very ſtill and quiet all the Night. At other times ſhe gave him a Cliſter, and when ſhe was out of Order, he gave her another: This kind interchange procur'd ſome advantage to the Brother. For Sir *William Smith* coming kindly to viſit Sir *Timber*, being his Neighbour, immediately after he was married, and having ſome diſcourſe with him in private, about the Tenant's Debt, the ſaid Sir *Timber*, contrary to all Humanity and the Rules of Hoſpitality, ſwore in Court (I was by and heard, otherwiſe could not have deliver'd it) that Sir *William Smith* ſhould tell him, At that time when he came to viſit him, that for 50 *l.* he had releaſed the whole Debt; this I have heard Sir *William* proteſt, and I believe it was notoriouſly falſe; but had it been true to betray the private Diſcourſe of a Neighbour, who in kindneſs came to viſit him, could have been

* *Place in the* Cuſtom-Houſe.

been done by none but a Man who had taken the Devil's Potion. Let every one beware of him, for it is safer coming into a *Peſt-houſe* than his.

This Narrative is known to Hundreds of People, and needs no other Evidence, but the Declaring of it, which I held my ſelf bound in Conſcience to do, for the vindication of Truth; but I will be depoſed I never heard Sir *William Smith* ſpeak one word of it but this, That he had no ſuch Diſcourſe with Sir *Timber* in private, as he ſwore in public.

*FINIS.*

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